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THE

Laſt Speech and Dying Words

OF

MARTIN M'LOUGHLIN,

Who was taken Priſoner after the Defeat of the French and Rebels, at the Battle of *Ballinamuck*, in the County of Longford; and being tried by a Court-Martial, was found Guilty, and ordered for Execution, at *St. Johnſtown*, in ſaid County, on Monday 10th Sept. 1798.

wherein is recounted,

THE MANNER IN WHICH SAID M'LOUGHLIN AND OTHERS WERE INLISTED TO SERVE IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

How poor BILLY ROURKE *was ſhot by a French Officer for Mutiny.*

How the Iriſh Recruits were harneſſed like Horſes, to draw the French Cannon from *Ballina* to *Caſtlebar* over the *Barnagee* Mountains.

How poor old JUDY DUNN, *and her Siſter-in-Law, were raviſhed by a Negro Officer in the French Army.*

WITH A TRUE ACCOUNT OF

THE BATTLES OF CASTLEBAR, COLOONY, AND BALLINAMUCK;

AND THE MERRY ADVENTURE OF

CAPTAIN TOM PACKENHAM,

OR, THE SAILOR ON HORSEBACK.

CORK PRINTED,
And Sold in DUBLIN by R. COLE, No. 16, TRINITY-STREET.

1798

THE

LAST SPEECH

OF

MARTIN M'LOUGHLIN.

MY father was a ſchool-maſter in the town of Sligo, where I was born: he taught me to read and cypher till I was fourteen years of age; he then put me apprentice to my uncle Dennis, who was a carpenter by trade in the ſame town. I came out of my apprenticeſhip laſt June was two years, and having a mind to ſet up for myſelf, I took a cabin and a neat bit of a garden at the Croſs-Roads near Coloony, and married Nancy Hogan, the ſhoemaker's daughter, of that town, by whom I have two children; and, as my wife's father died laſt February, and left her two cows and about forty guineas in money, I bought two more cows at the fair of Boyle, and I took a field on the other ſide of the road: and Nancy, who was a clever active girl, ſet up a bit of a dairy in a new cabin which I built adjoining to the old one, and we were getting rich every day, as I ſupported Nancy and myſelf by making cars and working jobs in the neighbourhood; and Nancy made a deal of money by ſelling milk and butter. I paid my rent cheerfully, and was as happy as I could be, when unfortunately for me, I fell in company with Mr. Stephen Farrell, who held a good ſnug farm under Mr. Cullen, near Manor Hamilton.

I was drinking with Ned Beaghan the carman, and my neighbour Billy Rourke, in Coloony, on Saturday 25th of Auguſt, when Mr. Farrell and two other genteel-looking men, came in and ſat down oppoſite to us; Mr. Farrell then got up, and whiſpered Ned Beaghan, who immediately aſked me—*if I was up?*—'To be ſure I am,' ſays I, not thinking any harm:—'who ſwore you?' ſays he.—Andrew M'Donough at the Bridge, ſwore me in October laſt to be true and faithful to the *united cauſe*,' ſays I. 'Billy, my boy,' ſays Mr. Farrell to Rourke, '*I know you are up?*' 'That I am, by Jebus,' ſays Billy. Then ſaid Mr. Farrell, 'we are all agreed; and now is our time; for here is Mr. Moody of Foxford, and my friend Larry Dunn of Ballina, come direct from the French General *Humbert*, who is landed at Killala with ten thouſand men, and plenty of muſkets and ball cartridges, and Mr. Moody has got a commiſſion of colonel of a regiment, to enliſt men for the ſervice of the *united cauſe*.' 'That's right,' cries Billy—'*the French are our beſt friends*—now is our time—I am ready,' ſays Billy—'and ſo am I, ſays Ned Beaghan.' I then began to think of poor Nancy, and my cows, and my two children, little Nora in particular:—'and why,' ſays I to myſelf, 'I took the oath when I was not worth a groat in the world, and before I was married, and before little Nora was born, and that alters the caſe entirely; and ſo, ſays I, gentlemen, do you ſee, I won't go with you, for I want for nothing, and I am ſure we'll be all hanged if we do go; and as for the French, I don't believe they are landed at all, and its all a bam; that's my opinion,' ſays I. Upon which Mr. Moody took out and read the proclamation of the French general, which tells us 'that we are oppreſſed and plundered by the gentry.' I thought that rather odd, when I recollected how many poor people were daily fed and clothed by

Mr.

Mr. Cooper, Mr. Phibbs, and the other gentlemen in my neighbourhood;—'that our holy religion is put down and trampled on by the Iriſh government:'—what can that mean, ſays I, when I know that my couſin Patrick is now learning divinity with 200 more Iriſh lads at the college of Maynooth, at the expence of government' and I am told that this ſame college coſt the goverment above 100,000*l.* and it is intended for nothing but to make Catholic prieſts gratis. And the proclamation goes on to tell us, 'that the Frenchmen love us better than themſelves; that they are come over here entirely out of pure love and affection to us; and "that above all things they will protect and cheriſh our Holy Religion"—may be thought I, they will cheriſh and protect us as they did our Holy Father the Pope whom they took priſoner and degraded: and the proclamation further promiſes, 'that they will not rob, plunder, and murder us, as they did the poor Dutchmen, who invited them into Holland; but they will give us all the plunder of the nobility and gentry, and take nothing themſelves.'—'I like that part very well,' ſays I, thinking no harm at all. 'I always told you,' ſays Billy, *that the French were our beſt friends.*' Mr. Moody then ſhewed his commiſſion, which was printed in Engliſh, with a large ſeal upon it, and tied up with three ribbons of different colours, with the words—LIBERTY AND EQUALITY, in capitals at top. I didn't think much of that, becauſe I knew ſuch things could be counterfeited; but he immediately pulled out a purſe of new guineas, which he ſaid was the coin in which he ſaid we were all to be paid: and I confeſs, without meaning any harm at all, the ſight of the guineas pleaſed me much, but Moody wouldn't even let me touch them. He aſked me, however, if I paid any rent for my houſe and land,—'to be ſure I do,' ſays I; 'you ſhall never pay any more, my lad,' ſays he then, 'nor any tythe either,' ſays Larry Dunn,—'I'll engage for that.'

—Upon

—Upon which I began to like the buſineſs better than at firſt; and ſo, without thinking any harm, agreed to go with them. Mr. Moody, I beg his pardon, *Colonel Moody*, (for that was the name we now called him) deſired us to get our horſes and be ready in two hours time; I told him I had no horſe;—'what ſignifies that, you fool,' ſays farmer Farrell, 'hasn't Mr. Cooper, your landlord, plenty of fine horſes down in the Grange meadow; take one of them.'—'And would you have me go rob,' ſays I, 'and be hanged for horſe-ſtealing?' 'That's not robbery, but plunder, my boy,' ſays the Colonel; 'remember you are now a ſoldier of the *united* army, and you have a right to take every thing which may diſtreſs the enemy. Mr. Cooper is what they call a *loyal man*, it is therefore your duty to plunder him.' I own I liked this part of the Colonel's ſpeech very much. 'And mightn't I take a cow too, ſays I, without thinking any harm—Mr Cooper has a rare one, which Nancy tells me, gives more milk than the two which I bought at the fair.' 'Tut you fool, ſays Dunn, what would you do with a cow? you couldn't ride her to Ballina, where we muſt all be before morning.' Upon which I borrowed a bridle from Mr. Tiernan, who keeps the Harrow, and Billy Rourke and I went off immediately to the Grange meadow, and ſoon caught two fine mares, which we mounted; and as I was coming out of the ſecond field, I ſaw the Engliſh cow lying down by the ſide of the hedge;—'By Jebus, ſays I, there ſhe is.'—'Who? cries Billy in a fright.' 'The large red cow, ſays I, and I'll have her ſays I.' 'Then fare ye well, ſays Billy; I'll go to the Harrow and meet the Colonel and the reſt.' Upon which I got off my mare, and drove the red cow directly home, and put her in the old houſe, where I kept my cows in winter. It was now about one o'Clock in the morning, and Nancy was gone to bed, and my door was ſhut; I was going to rap at it, to tell Nancy what

what I had done, and to take leave of her; but, thought I, poor creature, ſhe will break her heart, and ſhe'll be angry with me for ſtealing Mr. Cooper's cow, for ſhe'll call it *ſtealing*, though I know 'tis only *plunder*; and if little Nora ſhould awake and cry after me, I ſhould never be able to quit the ſpot; ſo I turned about, mounted the mare, and rode off to the Harrow, where I found Colonel Moody, Mr. Farrell, and the reſt waiting for me, with five others who had joined them; and I told Ned Tiernan's wife to let Nancy know that I had bought her a fine red cow, which I had tied up in the old cabin, and deſire Nancy to keep her ſnug.

As ſoon as we arrived at the French camp, Col. Moody went up to a tall officer with a terrible high red cap, a blue jacket, green pantaloons, and a fine red ſaſh acroſs his ſhoulders; and we were all ſurpriſed to hear this ſtrange looking man, through a huge pair of whiſkers, talk Engliſh juſt like one of ourſelves. He immediately gave us all what he called the *fraternal embrace*, which was juſt the *Iriſh hug*, in other words. He told us we were patriots, and would ſoon be great men. He then called for cockades of three colours, and gave each of us one, together with a blue jacket, and took our big coats from us. We were all very loth to part with our big coats, which we had found the beſt of friends in rainy weather; but the officer, our countryman, put a frown on his whiſkers, and told us, in a terrible voice that we muſt obey orders. He then called for the French ſerjeants, who put muſkets in our hands, and made about a dozen of us draw up in a line; the ſame was done with other ſquads, who came in at the ſame time, and we were all marched about for an hour. Some of the boys who had walked a great way, being tired, I ſuppoſe, ſat down on the graſs, upon which the ſerjeant gave them ſuch whacks

over

over the head and ſhoulders, as made them jump up in a moment. I did'nt think this an agreeable commencement of the buſineſs, but I ſaid nothing: there was ſome grumbling among the boys, which, though the ſerjeants didn't underſtand, they ſilenced with more whacks. What vexed me moſt of all was, that the ſerjeant who commanded our ſquad was a Weſt Indian Negro, as black as the pot, and as cruel as the Devil himſelf. Poor Billy Rourke, who had taken a hearty glaſs on the road, and was a little top-heavy, happened to drop his muſket in ſhouldering, and when he ſtoopped to pick it up, the black villain gave him a terrible blow with the flat of his ſword, between the ſhoulders, which almoſt tumbled him to the ground.—Billy immediately ſnatched up his muſket, and being a very ſtrong fellow, gave the black villain a blow with the but end of it, which levelled him to the ground, and broke the muſket; and while Billy ſtood over the ſerjeant, and was going to give him a finiſhing ſtroke with the barrel of the piece, which he held in his hand, a French officer ſtepped up, and ſhot Billy through the head. I then began to ſuſpect that poor Billy was a little miſtaken when he ſaid, '*that the French were his beſt friends.*' Shortly after this, we were ordered to lay down our muſkets, and take arms in our hands, which a comical rogue of our own country ſaid were better ſuited to us, and he immediately brought us a great parcel of trenching tools, as he called them, but they were nothing elſe but ſhovels, picks, and ſpades, and we were ordered to ſet too and make a great ditch round the camp. Thinks I to myſelf, this is very odd kind of preferment; and I was going acroſs to aſk farmer Farrell (who was obliged to dig as well as the reſt) what kind of treatment this was, and why he didn't keep his promiſe of making me an officer, when the ſame damned negro raſcal

came

came up and gave me a ſmart ſtroke of a rattan acroſs my ſhoulder, crying out in broken Engliſh, ‘ Vat you do out of your place, you von Iriſh raſcal ?’ If I had not recollected the fate of poor Billy, I ſhould certainly have ſtiffened the black ſcoundrel with the ſpade in my hand. ‘ This is *liberty* and *equality* indeed,’ thought I; and ‘ *they love us better than themſelves.*’ ‘ Who doubts it,’ ſays I to myſelf; and ſo I returned quietly to my place, *and went on digging for my own advantage to be ſure, as farmer Farrell told me.* We then got ſome potatoes and brandy, and a piece of a cow half raw, to eat, and were ordered out to forage for the army. I went to take my mare which I ſaw tied up with other horſes in the camp, and when I was going to mount her, ‘ *Sacre blue,*’ ſays a French ſoldier, drawing his bayonet, and giving me a ſlight prod of it on the thigh. I thought of poor Billy's fate, quitted my mare, and ſet out on foot with the party, thinking at the ſame time that it was rather an odd way of giving us the plunder of the nobility and gentry—to make us rob them firſt, and then ſtick a bayonet in us for attempting to uſe what we had taken. But I thought of poor Billy's fate, and only grumbled in the gizzard. I ſet out afoot with the reſt, foraging as they called it, but that is only another name for plundering; we took every cow, bullock, ſheep, hog, pig, cock, hen, chicken, duck, turkey, gooſe and gander, which we could lay our hands upon. There was ſome grumbling to be ſure, and not a little ſcolding, from the women whoſe cabins were robbed; but the officer who commanded the party, and ſpoke a little Engliſh, ſaid, ‘ *De Dubbel n Derectori it pay for all.*’ The women did not ſeem quite ſatisfied with this mode of payment, nor did I comprehend it till Colonel Moody afterwards ſhewed me a regular draft, or bill of exchange for 200*l.* drawn by the

French

French general on the Directory of the Iriſh Union in Dublin, which he had been obliged to take as payment for twelve fat bullocks, three cows, and a ſcore of ſheep, with which he had ſupplied the French immediately on their landing. 'And where did you get that purſe of new guineas which you ſhewed us at Coloony, ſaid I?' 'Here they are, ſaid he, laughing; they are all braſs counterfeits guilt;'—and ſo they were. 'By my ſoul, thought I, you will have no great reaſon to laugh, if the bill of exchange you have got in payment for your fat bullocks, ſhould prove a counterfeit too.'

We returned to Ballina in the evening with our booty, followed by the curſes of the poor creatures all round the country whom we had robbed. We found the army impatient for our arrival: the plunder (I mean the forage) was diſtributed immediately, and in two hours we were ordered to march.—I had been riding without a ſaddle all the night before. I had been digging part of the morning, and the remainder of the day I had been employed in plundering the farmers and poor cotchers all round Ballina, and had got plenty of eggs and bacon to eat in the cabins to be ſure, and was very well diſpoſed to go, ſleep, but that couldn't be. I took my muſket, and was going to march with the reſt, when I was called to by Col. Moody, and actually harneſſed with ſeveral others to draw one of the guns: ſome of the boys refuſed to be yoked, and poor Jack Cuſack, the blackſmith of Ballintrave, who reſiſted the French ſoldier who was putting him into the harneſs, was ſtuck in the belly with a bayonet, and left in the ſtreet of Ballina weltering in his blood!—When we were fairly in the traces, we got each of us a glaſs of good brandy, which put us in heart, and we ſet off at a trot, which pace we were not able to keep long, when we came to the bad road and ſteep hills above Ballina.

Ballina. Several French officers and ſerjeants (many of them of the negro breed) walked along with us, and when any one of us ſlackened his pace, a ſtroke of the rattan, or a prod of the bayonet, was ſure to make him ſtep out.—After about an hour's dreadful labour, we were relieved, and another ſet of the Iriſh boys were harneſſed, and ſo we took it in turns the whole night, keeping the guns at a trot or a ſmart walk all the way. After the firſt relief, I overtook Larry Dunn, of Ballina, who was crying bitterly. 'Well, ſaid I, Larry, have you been harneſſed?' No, ſaid he, I am not able to draw, and ſcarcely able to walk; I received a cut of a ſabre this evening on my right ſhoulder, and two of my teeth have been knocked down my throat, for endeavouring, in vain, to prevent two French ſoldiers and a negro raſcal of an officer, from raviſhing my wife Judy and my ſiſter Mary. I complained to Col. Moody of the outrage, he ſaid he was very ſorry or it, but there was no time then for inquiry, as we were juſt going to march;—and this is the way, cried Larry, that they make good their fine promiſes, and prove their love for us!' I couldn't help telling Larry in a whiſper,—'that it would have been better for him to pay tythes all the days of his life, than to have loſt his teeth, and to have his wife diſhonoured by a French negro.'—What a breed poor Larry will have, if ever he lives to get home!

We arrived at laſt about ſeven o'clock in the morning, near Caſtlebar, and then began the work.—Myſelf and the other Iriſh recruits, under the command of General Blake, were ordered to advance to attack the militia; but before we came up with them, we received a dreadful fire from the artillery, which killed hundreds of us all round me, and threw us into confuſion. We ran, and were followed by ſome troops—I don't know who they were; but the French ſoldiers, dreſſed

dreſſed in our big coats, who had concealed themſelves behind the guns and tumbrils, and in the ditches, waited till we had paſſed, and then gave the King's troops a terrible volley, and every ſhot told, as they fired from reſts at their different places of concealment. The effect of this ſurpriſe and ſlaughter was aſtoniſhing;—the King's troops fled with precipitation. The French immediately rallied from different points, and purſued them, while the Iriſh recruits ran into Caſtlebar, to plunder the town. We were very buſily employed at this work, when a French General called *Sarraſin*, came into the town, and took every pin's worth from us which we had taken. We were all highly diſpleaſed at this conduct; and two of our Captains, Walter Mourne, and Nich. Caſſidy, who remonſtrated rather too freely, and refuſed to obey orders, were ſhot by the French ſoldiers, without any ceremony. Next day we were all muſtered, and drilled for two hours in the morning. We were afterwards ordered to take our ſhovels, picks and ſpades, as before, to cut ditches round the town. In the evening we were drilled again; and next day the ſame work went on, alternately drilling and digging. After reſting a week in Caſtlebar, we were ordered to march. We ſet out at night, and the Iriſh recruits were harneſſed to the guns as before.

We reached Foxford before day, and proceeded without halting to Coloony, where we arrived early on Tueſday the 4th of September. I went immediately to my houſe to ſee my wife, and little Nora, and my cows; but what was my grief to hear from the neighbours, that Mr. Cooper's ſteward having found the red cow locked up in my old houſe, got a warrant againſt poor Nancy, and lodged her in Sligo gaol; and the advanced guard of the French army, together with ſome Iriſh recruits, had that very morning taken

taken my other cows, and killed them for the uſe of the camp. I knew it was uſeleſs to complain: all the redreſs I could expect was an order for reimburſement on the directory of the Iriſh Union in Dublin, which I began to think was not worth aſking for. While I was lamenting over my loſſes, and the ſufferings of my poor Nancy in gaol for my crime, the cannon began to roar at a terrible rate. I ran to my poſt, and ſaw that our advanced guard was beaten back, and our whole line was attacked by the Limerick militia, who marched out of Sligo to give us battle. They were commanded by Colonel Vereker, who poſted them ſo advantageouſly, that they entirely ſtopped the progreſs of our whole army. They fought us for near two hours, and killed a conſiderable number of our men, particularly of the Iriſh recruits, who were always puſhed into the hotteſt part of the action. It was here that farmer Kennedy was killed, and poor Ned Beaghan had both his legs ſhattered by a cannon ball. The French were enraged to ſee ſuch a handful of men (they were leſs than three hundred) contend with more than ten times their number.

We at length got poſſeſſion of their two curritle guns, which had done ſuch execution among us, and they were then obliged to retreat, which they did in tolerable order. By this bold and judicious ſtroke, the Limerick militia ſaved the town of Sligo from all the horrors of a plundering army, diſpirited our troops, and ſtopped our progreſs for upwards of ſix hours; and by that means enabled General Lake's army to come up with us at Balinamuck, after the moſt ſevere march ever known. More than one half of the Iriſh recruits deſerted after the affair at Colooney, and I would have gone off with the reſt, but that I was afraid of being hanged if I returned home, for ſtealing Mr. Cooper's red cow.

When

When General Lake's army came in ſight, we gave ourſelves up for loſt. The French knew they were not able to face them; and when a ſmall body of the advanced guard came near, ſome of the French began to throw down their arms; upon which Captain Packenham and General Craddock, with about twenty dragoons, rode up and ordered the French to ſurrender, which they did, and opened to the right and left to let them paſs on. When they came up to the Iriſh recruits, Captain Packenham called out to us to throw down our arms, and take to our heels as the only chance we had of ſaving our lives; but General Blake who commanded us, ſwore he would do no ſuch thing. He ordered Captain Packenham and General Craddock to ſurrender themſelves priſoners immediately.—"Damn me, Jack," ſays the Captain to General Craddock, "we are all in the wrong box—about ſhip my boy."—He then called out to General Blake, "Why, blaſt your eyes! you are "not going to fire at us, you ſcoundrel, are "you?—Do you ſee ten thouſand men coming "down the hill? if you fire a ſhot at us, they'll "cut you to atoms."——"Surrender yourſelves "immediately," cried Blake, "or I'll pepper "you by G—d."—— "You may be damned for "a raſcal," cried the Captain of the Invincible, ſpitting out a large quid of tobacco, "Tom "Packenham was never born to be ſhot."—— Then clapping ſpurs to their horſes, General Craddock and he rode off as hard as they could gallop; and immediately a volley was ſent after them by our party, which was ſo ill directed as to do no injury, except giving a ſlight wound to General Craddock in the arm, and wounding his horſe in the neck. The Frenchmen took up their arms again; and our line was hardly formed, when we were charged with irreſiſtable fury by the Armagh militia and ſome other troops: they

came

came within fifty yards of us before they fired a ſhot; they then gave us a volley, ſet up a dreadful ſcreech, and puſhed forward with their bayonets, which entirely broke us. I ſaw hundreds of the Iriſh recruits fall around me—I know not how I eſcaped the firſt onſet. I threw down my muſket, and ran like a doe with about five or ſix hundred of the Iriſh boys; (I don't like to call ourſelves rebels, if I could help it.) We were ſoon overtaken by Lord Roden's fencible regiment, who cut us to pieces. About one hundred and fifty of us were taken priſoners by this party, and the reſt were every one left dead on the field. Among the laſt was our Colonel Moody, whoſe head was cloven in two. The Frenchmen who remained alive after the battle, were about eight hundred and fifty in number: they gave themſelves up priſoners of war, and their lives were ſpared. If they had fought like men, inſtead of throwing down their arms, we ſhould not have been ſo ſhockingly cut up; at leaſt ſome of us might have eſcaped into the hills; but inſtead of this, they fired at ſome of our boys who were running away, both at Coloony and Ballinamuck.

I am almoſt mad when I reflect on the horrors which this ſhort but dreadful rebellion has brought about: what a melancholy hiſtory have I given of the little party that was drinking at the Harrow in Coloony, thinking no harm at all.——Poor Billy Rourke, who called the French his beſt friends, was murdered by one of their officers. Ned Beaghan had both his legs ſhattered, and farmer Farrell was killed by a cannon ball at Coloony. Colonel Moody lies dead, and mangled on the field of battle at Ballinamuck. Larry Dunn's wife and ſiſter have been raviſhed by a French Negro, and his teeth knocked down his throat; and he is condemned to die with me as a traitor. But, alas! what

a fate

a fate is mine!—I was happy and contented—I wanted for nothing—I had a wife that I loved, and children that I doated on—and yet the devil tempted me in the ſhape of avarice and ambition! I became a thief and a rebel, and was harneſſed like a beaſt or a negro ſlave; I have brought ſorrow and perſecution on my wife, poverty and ſhame on my helpleſs children.—I ſhall ſuffer death to-morrow, as a ſmall atonement for my guilt; and I hope God will have mercy on my poor ſoul, through the merits of my bleſſed Redeemer. AMEN!

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 29 JY 73

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